

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 1

Wednesday, June 19, 1918

No. 27

**A wise old owl sat on an oak; The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard. Oh, soldier IMITATE THIS BIRD.**

THE BIG Q. M. SHOW.

The Q. M. show is going to be a humdinger. It shows all the earmarks and brands of a high-grade entertainment, and when it is put on, at the Broadway Theatre, Long Branch, next Sunday night, we think the natives hereabouts are going to have some surprises of their little young lives and over their tea-cups they will talk about the Great Show, for long nights to come.

The Entertainment Committee consists of the following: Sam Isaacs, Chairman; Gus Jacobs, Al Herron, Louis Berton. They have worked hard and burned the midnight oil and scraped their heads for the ideas and lines for this show, and the whole outfit have taken hold enthusiastically. So far as details have leaked out, the main idea seems to be to portray Inside Camp Doings. The outside world does not get a chance to see how a man who has been out after eleven o'clock blinks his eyes when first call sounds and wakes him out of a heavy sleep and then what fun it is to get up for reveille. This show follows, so we have heard hinted, the average soldier from first call in the morning to taps at night—and then some. The well-known comedian, Bob Fisher, our "Biff Bang" friend will hand out his funny line and another big feature of the show is said to be entitled—suggestively enough—"A Night in the Barracks." This must have been a rainy night, to keep men in the barracks. We are full of expectation about this part of the big show and somehow or other, we think there will be quite a big jolt coming to us.

There will be, more than likely, our old and tried friends, the Jazz Band, with Neiman and Hart in their high-class musical act. These troubadours are essential to any successful camp show.

RADIO LABORATORIES.

(By Wakefield.)

Now that the 29th, Service Company, recently created, has moved its headquarters to the Radio Laboratories, "Mitch" has suggested that a traffic 'cop' be appointed to prevent congestion. "Mitch" would make a good one if he didn't take up so much room himself.

Hawk says he isn't going up to New York again for six months. Had a grand time, however. Says Harlem has nuthin' on Chicago, but he nevertheless was caught several times stretching his head backward getting a line on a few of the cloud-tippers. And the Tenderloin; he says he paint-



"Somewhere in Jersey."

ed old New York red. Well, he's capable.

Poor Fred Henderson! Went out canoeing Sunday and before he had paddled a quarter of a mile his tender hands were all blisters. Then he had to take a back seat and let the two young ladies with him do the heavy work.

Dick Wroe is practicing up now with a Vibroplex and intends to show some "speed" when he gets over there.

It's a pity Belle had that trouble with her wisdom tooth Monday; she had an auto ride scheduled but had to cancel it, and how she anguished.

Dick Smith and Mrs. S., are enthusiastically navigating the Jersey shore in their pea row boat. That "double time" at morning drill is putting Dick in fine fettle and he can make a 30 stroke for half periods without even having to take second breath. Says it reminds him of the good old grid-iron days. And by the way we should have some promising material for a strong football team this fall.

Frank Moore was, I might say, perhaps made for an eligible center.

There's one boy who certainly misses his Mamie!

They tell me that Harold Munson's recent affinity has announced her engagement; trust you aren't taking it seriously, Hal.

Seems rather lonesome without Carl Brown around; he was not only some orderly but an expert telegraph operator and the confidential chats, extraordinary are certainly missed.

Gee, Hawk, get out and run a few hours a day and try and look natural.

While up in Jersey City Sunday Eve

told me why Ruderman hustles for Long Branch every night again. Rud-dy laid low for a while, but it is known now what the attraction is.

Bosco Besciotti claims the title as champion spaghetti eater of the camp. Irland runs close, however.

Williams and Wedeman are taking a 30-day rest cure. No doubt they needed it badly.

Lieut. Davis must like the looks of that Rahway station. It is a pretty affair at that.

The "hunt and pick" typist at the School has found extreme difficulty of late in getting used to his chair. Takes considerable time to find a soft spot. S'matter Web?

That was a pretty wet "Deal" Hunter got when he plunged into the creek.

THE TENTH FIELD TAKES HIKE.

Twenty-one and one-half miles in one day's march! For a whole battalion, particularly of largely new men, this is pretty nearly a big day's work—or walk. For a level, hard road, it would be a fine accomplishment; but add to this quite a distance in heavy sand, and then quite a hike in a drizzling rain, and you have something in the way of real handicaps. Notwithstanding, the 10th marched along bravely and steadily. What if there was a man, here and there, who had developed blisters on his tender feet and whose feet had been made sore by contact and friction with sand, and had to have medical attention, that was nothing for him to be ashamed of. It was his glory that he started along as soon as he could amble. If a man failed and fell, and was re-

vived, he needn't be ashamed of that either. He must realize that war is serious business and he must endure hardship like a good soldier.

But on the whole, for a lot of green men, they did exceedingly well. Some of them were ready to do bunk fatigue when the day was over; when we went up to see what they would like us to get for them, there was a pretty cheerful, tired bunch, in good spirits.

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ENGLISH CLASS FOR BEGINNERS

An English class will be organized for those who desire to learn to speak and write the language. Being able to speak plain English will be a great help to every foreign-speaking man in the Army. It will help him advance; it will make him a better soldier; he will understand his orders better and will be able to execute them more satisfactorily. It will save him no end of trouble. Don't miss this part of your army training. These classes will be held in the Y. M. C. A. building. Ask your commanding officer about them.

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FLORENCE MULFORD SINGS.

Miss Florence Mulford, a member of the Metropolitan cast came to us through the kindness of Mrs. Uzal McCarter and Mrs. Limburg, and as soon as the camp knew she was here they flocked in and filled the building. She sang a number of songs in English, including "The Long, Long Trail," "The Rosary," and was applauded vigorously and cheered likewise. Miss Mulford is quite a singer, and gave the boys a good sample of how a great singer should sing. Her pleasant smile and agreeable personality were very much liked by the boys and they will be glad to have her come again.

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"WILD AND WOOLLY" WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

We don't often mention movies as special shows in these columns; not because they are not good, but because they have usually had to play second fiddle to other stars who appeared in person. But, on the 24th, of June, next Monday, we have six reels of film under that highly-picturesque title, "Wild and Woolly." The star of this thriller is Douglas Fairbanks. We think this should be about enough to bring out a full house.

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• SEND DOTS AND DASHES •
• TO •
• THE FOLKS BACK HOME. •
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DOTS AND DASHES



Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the
Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail,
Little Silver, New Jersey.

Address all communications to Y. M.
C. A., as above.

H. D. PLACE, Editor
LEON R. WAKEFIELD, Associate
Editor.
AMERICUS COZZI, Associate Editor.
E. C. WOOD, Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1918

Major Stutesman Writes a Letter.

Major J. H. Stutesman, 55th Telegraph Battalion, now "Over There," writes interestingly to Father Lacasse, somewhat as follows: "We had a fine quick trip over, and landed in good shape. We had been told that this was a sunny land; but all it has done up to last week has been to rain; so, evidently the fellow who said it was thinking of the Sahara desert, or some other place. Evidently he was also the man who spoke of the pretty French girls. He's a candidate for the insanity ward in Washington.

"We have nevertheless, traveled over quite a portion of France; but are now settled for the time being and have started to do a little work. My French has come in handy and while, at first, they looked at me as if wondering if I am speaking Arabic or Russian, finally if I stay by it long enough, they comprehend. They certainly are a polite people. It must be an awful strain on their funny bone to witness my struggles. However, I expect to learn it in the next five years I anticipate being here before I get my first leave home. By that time I will have forgotten how to speak U. S.

"We are comfortably billeted among the inhabitants in this clear-for-a-wonder town, and the woman in whose house I am lodging treats me like a long-lost son. I am becoming very enthusiastic over the French. Not those in the cities; but these in the country and the small towns. I have driven a good deal over the surrounding country in a machine and I have found them very polite and courteous and more than willing to do anything they can for us. The people in the towns are more concerned in gouging us than anything else and are seemingly interested in our money; but not so here.

"I went to church this morning in the old 14th-century church, they have here, and the Monsieur le Cure laid down the law about being courteous to the Americans. He is a fine speaker and while I couldn't, of course, follow him, I could see that he meant what he said and he 'got it over' in good style. You don't need to know a man's language to judge his ability as an orator. He was fine.

"This is the 'workinest' place I have ever seen. Good thing, too. I have been on the jump although the Battalion has not had much to do as yet. We are intact as yet, as to officers and men, except that Wedgewood has been detached. All the officers, did they know that I am writing would want to be remembered."

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NOTES OF THE 417th BATTALION. By Arthur.

Far be it from us to boast about our own Battalion, but have the rest of you people noticed the improvements in the 417th Telegraph Battalion? In four short weeks their officers have whipped a bunch of raw recruits into an outfit that has every appearance of being a seasoned bunch of soldiers. This showed up in the way the boys mounted guard on short notice. All praise to their officers.

Then take the baseball team. They were admitted into the Camp Vail Baseball League and in the first game doled out a drubbing to the 122nd Aero Squadron. The score stood 11 to 6 when the game finished. Not bad, not bad at all. They were all set for another match with the 122nd last Saturday but due to a mixup on where the game was to be played, they did not meet.

There has been only one disappointment since the Battalion was started. Major Chambers has been transferred. He has been given a larger branch of the Signal Corps Service and so good luck to him. Captain Treffinger, Commanding Company D, has been placed in charge temporarily. The Battalion hopes this will be permanent, but you never can tell.

One thing more that we must mention about the 417th. Have you noticed the way their quarters look? This meant lots of fatigue work but when they were finally through with the job they had a right to pat themselves on the back. No one will argue with us they have made a very neat looking camp out of the old railroad yard. Even the old turntable has been cleaned out and instead of an unsightly hole in the ground it is a sunken garden, a landscape feature of the officers' quarters.

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POST OFFICE CLERKS IN UNIFORM

The Post Office clerks will now be adorned like real soldiers. Their uniforms will be of regulation type, like those worn by Field Clerks. There is no collar insignia; but the left arm will show a chevron with P. O. S., on the U. S. Postal service colors, blue and gray. Regulation hats with silver and black hatbands, like field clerks wear, will complete the uniform, except they will more than likely wear leather leggings and will have the great honor of being saluted by every rookie they pass until their arms get weak.

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BOXING ON THE 4TH.

Physical Director Hallenbeck is arranging to hold a big boxing show at Asbury Park, on the 4th of July, the proceeds of which he hopes will not alone the big, but will be devoted to the purchase of needed athletic equipment for the camp. Let's all get together and push this thing across—BIG!

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LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

The poor old 10th field is out of the coop for measles, except the C. Co., fellows who have a little while longer to do. It is mighty lucky this outfit has so much musical talent. Theirs would be a pretty hum-drum kind of an existence if they didn't have all this music.

We undersand the 10th is due for a hike every Friday now.

We are grateful for a copy of "The Madison Barrack Barbed Wire." We can't figure out why they should wish such a name as this on a good little sheet like this one, but maybe we could understand if we were in Watertown. It surely is the classiest camp paper we have ever seen, and we congratulate its publishers.

Laurance Nannarullo, 13th Service Co., transportation outfit is a real honeymooner. He gets leave to get spliced and then goes pirootin' round the country showing off his brand new wife. Father Lascasse tied the knot, the other day, in Eatontown. Good luck to you Laurence.

These fellows of the 418th, have quite a distinction. They were the first to shoulder shotguns to walk post hereabouts. It looks rather strange to see men walking post with a machine gun across their shoulders. Those who heretofore felt safe in being missed with a pistol would do well to drop in their tracks when challenged by the man with the shotgun.

One man took a chance and tried to pass by after taps, last Monday. The guard challenged him as follows: "Who goes there?" Then, out of the darkness comes a voice: "Nobody! I've already halted."

We hear they have some new cooks in the 418.

These 417 and 418 fellows have glass arms now. They are in the midst of their jabs and we know from experience how much fun there is in nursing an arm which is enjoying the effects of vaccination and inoculation at the same time. The writer of this had all three of his shots and vaccination in a space about two inches square. But that was last winter and he has long since forgotten how much fun it wasn't getting his shirt, sweater and other things on.

C. 10th, pulled off a good show during their quarantine. There are quite a lot of things this clever outfit can do. They have the Jazz Band, Neiman and Hart, Burris, and a heap more. Also, to show they were good fellows, they played hymns for the religious meeting on Sunday morning. About a hundred men joined in this meeting and a lot more of them listened from within the tents as Mr. Lee talked about the things that made a good soldier and some of the new ideas about the value of military training.

Boxing is getting popular hereabouts again. Hallenbeck's world beaters were limbering up, in the Y. Tuesday afternoon, and there were a couple of pretty lively bouts. The wrestlers are out again, too.

You are not permitted to wear a black tie.

Hallenbeck bought about \$30 worth of candy from the canteen for the men in detention. Some sweet teeth these new gents have. What?

When one of the newly-made soldiers, who drew the post at the gate was asked what were his orders, he replied: "Challenge three times and then shoot to kill." The fellow that stammers a little, is a gone goslin, ain't he?

—o:o:o—

New Physical Director at the Y.

Mr. E. D. Hallenbeck, formerly at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. has been sent by the National War Work Council, to this camp and has already taken a handfull of things to work out. We welcome Mr. Hellenbeck to our midst. He took about half a day to "look things over"—"size up the situation," or whatever other alabi those who usually give for not doing anything for a month present, and got a chest sticking out and telling a lot of flying start early the next morning.

Hallenbeck didn't come in with his wonderful tales about what they used to do at Camp Jackson. He didn't talk much, but he put a heap of his time in on looking and acting. For this we are deeply grateful. It isn't always the man with the most loose tongue that gets things done, as we all know. Also, it isn't the man who always wants to be in the limelight. Enough of moralizing, what we started out to say is that Hellenbeck will do for the job here, we think. We predict a fine record for him and assure him, at once, that the co-operation he will receive from every officer and man in this post will be as good and probably better than is to be had any other place in the whole country. That's a big statement; but we know whereof we speak.

To enumerate some of the things our new friend has accomplished in the three working days he has been here—and don't forget that he never heard of Camp Vail until he was sent here, more than likely (this was, of course his great misfortune). Well, he did these things: Had a meeting with the Athletic Commission, the representatives of several organizations, and arranged for a boxing exhibition to get uniforms for the baseball teams; he went out and bought shoes and sox for them, as well as a lot of new baseball equipment; he fixed up a regular "squared ring" in regulation style, with ropes to prevent falling into the beautiful decorations we continue to accumulate, on the stage. Wood had been working out an idea of having a field meet, and Hallenbeck took up the chase of the elusive show and is fast whipping it into shape, with Wood's valuable help. A Government efficiency test of running, jumping and so on, is being arranged and will shortly be conducted under Hallenbeck's direction. Tests of boxing and wrestling abilities are already being carried on. Hallenbeck has been here less than a week and has dug himself in deeply. He now wants to start swimming classes. There will be a big boxing show at Asbury Park on the 4th, which, it is hoped, will net enough money to make lots of athletic improvements.

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ATHLETIC NOTES.

by Hallenbeck.

First of all, this athletic meet for the week of the Fourth of July. As soon as we settle on the exact day, which may be Monday, but is a matter to be decided by the Commanding Officer and the Athletic Committee, we will get right down to brass tacks and make preparations for a big day. A tentative list of events has already been announced through official memorandum which the headquarters office was kind enough to send out. It asked for a meeting of representatives of the various organizations at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening at 6.15. The result of this meeting was very gratifying to me and showed plainly that there is a lot of good timber here in athletic lines. Lts. Albro, Wright, and Williams, the Athletic Committee were on hand and Lts. Frenna and Steward added their suggestions toward working out the problems.

This week, the Government efficiency test took place, and some men found how far and how high they could jump, so that when they come to chasing the Hun they can playfully leap over the trenches and light on his hump; there was running high and running broad jumps and 100-yard dashes. Every man's mark is carefully recorded and posted so that he can see where he stands. We hear that there are a lot of pugs in the 13th Service outfit and they are coming down here on Friday night and stage a big boxing tournament. Thanks, gents. We'll hold the stop watch on you and blow the whistle and see that nobody gets killed.

Some of these ball teams grade pretty high in college athletes. Some of the men who have won their letters are slugging the pill all over the lots hereabouts and are going to get in shape to cop the pennant of the nearby towns or those farther away, if there are any who think they have a ball team. 417, too, is there with a lot of ex-champs, we hear, who are putting crosses before their names to indicate they know how to play ball. Sic 'em, Towser. All this will make for competition and we on the lines will yell ourselves hoarse for you and help things along with wind, anyhow.

Friday evening, at the Y. on the stage with ropes fixed and mat down, we will see some real scrapping. The camp exponents of the manly art will foregather about the ringside and cheer their men on to victory. Twelve of the best boxers in the camp are to be picked out, and this show will be in the nature of an elimination test, the survival of the fittest to have the honor of upholding the camp's colors in the big show at Asbury Park. This will christen the new ring for the Y.

Mrs. Leon Cubberley, for a long, long while one of our big helpers hereabouts, has gone to Trenton, where her husband is working for Uncle Sam, building ships and so on. Sorry to lose you, Mrs. Cubberley. Come in and see us once in a while.

PROMOTION.

Promotion comes to him who sticks
Unto his work and never kicks,
Who watches neither clock nor sun
To tell him when his task is done,
Who toils not by a stated chart,
Defining to a jot his part,
But gladly does a little more
Than he's remunerated for.
The man in factory or shop
Who rises quickly to the top
Is he who gives what can't be bought:
Intelligent and careful thought.

No one can say just when begins
The service that promotion wins.
Or when it ends; 'tis not defined
By certain hours of any kind
Of system that has been devised.
Merit cannot be systemized.
It is at work when it's at play,
It serves each minute of the day;
'Tis always at its post, to see
New ways of help and use to be.
Merit from duty never slinks;

Its cardinal virtue is—it thinks!
Promotion comes to him who tries
Not solely for a selfish prize,
But day by day and year by year
Holds his employer's interests dear,
Who measures not by what he earns
The sum of labor he returns,
Nor counts his day of toiling through,
Till he's done all that he can do,
His strength is not of muscle bred,
But of the heart and of the head.
The man who would the top attain
Must demonstrate he has a brain.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

Where'er thou be
On land or sea,
Or in the air,
This little prayer
I pray for thee,—
God keep thee ever,
Day and night—
Face to the light,—
Thine armor bright,—
Thy 'scutcheon white,—
That no despite
Thine honor smite!
With infinite
Sweet oversight,
God keep thee ever,
Heart's delight!—
And guard thee whole,
Sweet body, soul,
And spirit high;
That, live or die,
Thou glorify
His Majesty;
And ever be,
Within His sight,
His true and upright,
Sweet and stainless,
Pure and sinless,
Perfect Knight!

—John Oxenham.

THE NEW CANTEEN.

Thursday, June 20th, the new Canteen and Post Exchange, who have been at the end of Fifth avenue for a long time, will hold open house in their newly remodeled quarters, where the old Post School was, and will find much more convenient quarters. The Post Exchange will move with no interruption in their business. Their old quarters will be occupied by the reclamation officer.

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